

30,000 feet from Peenemunde
a street divests its wealth
touches the fall
feels the raid

first
a window cleaner in front a small dress shop
its Spring dress begging, Love me! Love me!
its oranges and red, Jump! Jump!
last, me.

Him disabled by a speck nesting on the glass
Her helpless in that sweet, full blown silk, adrift
Me out of range, stalled, stripped, bald

none of us had time to look
to feel the laces of our shoes.

-- Simon Perchik

Staten Island, New York

Two Poems

1

a river outside the door
carrying black leaves to the sea.
The tallest flower stands in the water
swaying in the passing flow
and stirring the mud with its roots --
a grey haze of swirling specks
a jumble of misty words
falling into place as they settle:
a poem written by water on water.

2

A line on the wet sand
drawn with a black stick;
a scattering of bark
leaves and pebbles
at random round the central line;
a trickle of water
seeping through the gravel;
a few squirming insects
disturbed by the stick;
a pattern under overhanging branches
beside a pool inhabited
by a pair of water snakes:
a poem without words and without readers.

Early Morning Poem

The darkness twists its hair in a knot
hangs from the rafters
with an apple in its hand.

The birds shoot the arrows of their song
split the apple
and spill its seed on the ground.

A myriad morning worms take the seeds in their mouths
raise them once to the sun
then bury them under the grass.

-- Michael Bullock

Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, England

Number two

Daisy Maisy,
Maisy daisy
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Lazy daisy
Shine on Maisy,
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

The daisy, you know,
Has an elegance
The orchid would never understand.
(Although a Canadian would.)

Bliss

So, lazy daisy
Shine on Maisy
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Daisy Maisy,
Maisy daisy
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

... then bit by bit
munch, munch, munch,
we got little pieces of
each other,
chewed and chewed,
spit out the pits of us,
and bit by bit
munch, munch, munch,
we got little pieces of
each other,
chewed and chewed,
swallowed some,
spit out the pits of us,
and bit by bit ...

-- J. McLeod

Binatang, Sarawak, Malaysia